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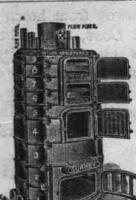
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Is the Place to Buy

YOUR DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FINE TOILET SOAPS, BRUSHES COMBS. ETC. FANCY ARTICLES; PERFUMERY IN GREAT VARIETY OF ODORS; MIXED PAINTS AND PAINTERS' BRUSHES.





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We are prepared to do all work in our line. All material furnished We are prepared to do all work in our line. All material furnished by us in our line is of the best the market affords, and our work will be guaranteed to be of the best. We do not knowingly use any but the first quality of material, and are ready to stand by our word and work. We handle none but the best make of COPPER BATH TUBS, from 10 cz to 14 cz Our BOILERS for Stoves and Ranges are WARRANTED to stand a pressure of 250 lbs. If they fail, we re-We are agents for the BEST HOT WATER HEATER MADE,

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GAS STOVES A SPECIALTY All work intrusted to our care shall be done promptly, and receive the best attention. All we ask is a fair and reasonable profit on our work and material. Call and examine stock, and talk with us. Please remember, that we will not knowingly use anything in our line but the best, and that the best cannot be sold at as low'a price as second quality. All we ask is a fair trial. (1251)

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CASH BUYERS

Will you kindly remember that we are still cutting prices Below all Competition. Think of it! Read it again! You see we are strictly in it on lowest prices. Don't buy cheap shoddy goods. They look well, but are dear at any price.

See Our New Spring Goods! And extremely low prices on them. Never could you get so good value for so little money. And remember, too, that our goods are guaranteed as repre-

W. F. TOWNS, RAVENNA, O.



Are you wearing a hat that is uncomfortable, or one that does not fit your head? If so, come to

We assure you that we will give you the BEST FIT-TING HAT, and for less money than any other dealer

IN Height of Weight The Tall, the Short The Thin, the Fat We clothe with equal facility. Every one can depend on getting

A PERFECT FIT



The Latest and Newest 20*PER*CENT*DISCOUNT!

For the next 30 days, commencing Jan. 2nd, on all our Winter Goods. In order to make room for our immense did not dress as a gentleman should. Spring Stock, we have concluded to make a bona fide SPECIAL DISCOUNT. This will be one of the greatest opportunities the public ever heard of to purchase goods at manufacturer's cost.

Don't Fail to Attend This Sale! As it will be to your interest.



B. HESKINS, Manager.

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PLATED WAIRE &C. To be found in one house in the State,

Our Prices are Below Competition!

Our New Upholstered Rockers are Dandies, FROM \$2.50 UP.

In CROCKERY Finest Line ever shown AND LOWEST PRICES.

Our Bargains in Lamps you should not let pass Our UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT IS IN CHARGE OF A. B. FAIRCHILD.

Which is a Guarantee that it will be well done.

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Will find many things to admire in our splendid



Pictures, Frames, Easels, Mouldings, Toilet Cases. Fire Screens, Etc. Etc.



No. 4, Opera Block.

J. H. OAKLEY.

The Old Stone Doughnut Jar. My thoughts will sometimes wander back fo things I loved in boyhood's days— The pond beside the railroad track Whereon I longing used to gaze, Because forbidden there to swim. But brighter far the memories are Of what held goodness to its rim— My mother's old stone doughnut jar!

There's many a time and many a place
My thoughts go back to lovingly.
And many a pretty girlish face
is treasured in my measory;
Yet nothing takes me back so soon.
Or leads into the past so far,
Whether at morning, night, or noon.
As thoughts of that stone doughnut jar.

It stood upon a lower shelf,
Was covered with a blue stone plate,
And I could always belp myself.
Nor need to "pause to hesitate."
What joy of joys! what untold bilss
It held not even time can mar!
Let come what may I'll still have this—
The memory of that doughnut jar!
—Good Housekeeping.

DAN MITERS.

CHAPTER I.

Dan Miters was especially drunk. By this I mean that any other man in the village of Cane Hill might have the village of Cane Hill might have been drunk—and indeed other men of that respectable community had been known to indulge too heartily in drink—but that Dan Miters, being the acknowledged drunkard of the place, was especially and particularly intoxicated. He was a man of acknowledged sense. He had, gossip said, as a prelude to some disparaging statement concernsome disparaging statement concerning his weakness, carried off the honors at a well-known school. One thing was certain. He expressed himself in better language than even the county judge could hope to employ, and this, at Cane Hill, was regarded as a con-

Dan had first come to the village as the agent of a nurcery; not that sort of a nursery which would disprove the declaration that marriage, among the poor at least, is a failure to perpetuate human misery, but as the agent of a company which had fruit trees for sale. He did not thoroughly succeed in running the gauntlet of village curiosity, for villagers are critical of appearances and a leav leave term of the story of the a bright truth; who wears a filthy shirt and one "bedtick" suspender; who chews charity tobacco and spits at a knot-hole which he thinks by the right of his own yellow slime he has pre-empted—that fellow will criticise the clothes and facial expression of a widow, after looking out to see if they will be compared to the clothes and the clothes are facial expression of a widow, after looking out to see if they will be compared to the clothes are the clothes and the clothes are the clothes a

worthless loafer, but by the merchant, now." and even by the faded woman who had slipped in to exchange a few eggs for deserving of reproach?" he asked.

system, and became celebrated as the village drunkard. Previous to his fame had belonged to one Peter B. Rush, and it appeared that he could never be robbed of the reputation "And you married the man?" against a rew hours before, and there were possibly old scores to settle. Some one at my left remarked: "That air nighthawk for once got the best achievement of this distinction, the which he had laboriously acquired, but after a few years of close contest Peter B. Rush's warmest admirers were forced to acknowledge that the palm belonged to Dan Miters. What a handy man Miters was when a com-parison was needed! What an encouragement to innovation! A man in speaking of some one who was stupidly influenced by liquor was no longer under the necessity of saying that he was as drunk as the reputable canine associate of the fiddler, but simply fulfilled all demands by affirming that he was as drunk as Dan Miters.

Seriously-and unfortunately we are all compelled to be serious at times—
the man of 25 whose education had
not been neglected was, at 45, a vagabond, with every hope trampled into
the mud away down the road behind
him. He did odd jobs, cleaned out
cellars, and cut fire-wood for scolding

One day, when he appeared to be soberer than usual, the mayor of the village thus addressed him: "Dan, I would like to know somehing about your life." "And I, sir," Dan replied, "would

like to know something about my "You are a funny fellow, Dan."
"No doubt of it, sir. A corpse has enough."
"Ah, t

"Come, don't talk that way. You fered because your own heart has have been here now about twenty been wrung; you have not suffered for "One wo years and none of us know where you "And do you really want to know where I was born?" "Yes, I'd like to know.

"Well, sir, I was born in the night." "There you go again. Say, do you know that if you would brace up there is yet time for you to accomplish some-"Yes. But you have tried, and what

have you accomplished?" interesting children."
"Is that all?"

"But isn't that enough?" "Hardly, for you have not taught his toes protruded. He got up with a your children not to feel, and until stagger, gazed at her a moment, and you do this your marriage stands as a wrong. About a year ago one of your lost an arm at a saw-mill. Weren't you the primary cause of his suffering, and is not a primary cause the meanest of all causes?"

"I won't talk to you," the mayor declared. "There is no reason in your argument and no humanity in your conclusions. But come," he added in a soft voice, "why don't you make an effort to keep sober?" "I don't won't to keep sober."

"And why not?" "Because sobriety is the mother of "And you don't want to think-is his teeth in your throat." that it?"

"And why don't you want to think? Your thoughts might amount to somehorrible enough. Now go." thing. The greatest man, you know, is the greatest thinker." "So is the greatest sufferer." "And when you think you suffer,

"Yes, and so do all men. Go into a library and look about you. What do an excited farmer. The bravest of "Books," the mayor answered.

"And what are books?" "Gifts from superior minds." "No," said the drunkard. "They armed. Double fastenings were put sweeting (crumbling away under the table)—"Good gracious! Tell her I'm holding public office, be the post ever "No," said the drunkard. "They armed. Double fastenings were put Sweeting (crumbling away under the ery book is an ache from a heart and a painthrob from the brain. But was terror-stricken. She could not be induced to leave her room. Gradually what's the use of all this talk? What

"You don't need a drink, Dan." Our stock of these goods is the largest in the city, and we shall be pleased to supply your wants at reasonable prices.

Some left the school-house very late one evening. Two rebellious boys had been kept in. When liberated the boys ran away. The widow tried to keep up with them. She could not to keep up with them. She could not she was hurrying along the path when a man came dashing past on a horse.

There you go with your dogmatism. There you go, measuring the grains of my want in your half bushel. You don't need a drink and you say that I don't. I would not presume to say what other men need, but it seems to me to be the province of all other men. "Mad dog! mad dog!" he velled. She me to be the province of all other men to dictate to me. Come, I'm growing too sober, and shall begin to think was bounding toward her. She pretty soon. Won't you please help

me out! Let me have 25 cents; you can spare it. A man who doesnt drink has but little real need for mony anyway. Let me have 25 cents and I'll do any sort of work you want me

"Will you help me fix up the address I've got to deliver at that political gathering?" "Yes, I will." "And swear you'll never tell that you helped me?"
"Yes, I'll do that, too."

"And you will draw up a paper swearing that you didn't write the address I delivered last month to the Odd Fellows? I want you to do this, for I have heard it hinted around that you had a hand in it."

"Yes, I'll do anything." Dan was about to turn away after receiving the money, when he caught sight of a woman crossing the courtiouse yard.

"Who is that?" he asked. "Mrs. Burkley, the widow we have mployed to teach our school," the mayor answered. "Where did she come from?"

"From Wilson county, I believe. Did you ever meet her?" "I think not," he said, as he hastened toward a doggery on the opposite side of the street.

CHAPTER IL.

On a hill a short distance from the village, a hill shaded by poplar trees, was an old school-house, originally built of logs, but now weather-boarded and whitewashed. The Widow Burkley had just told the children that they might go out and play until she called "Et me tell you of an enjoyable supper I once had." spoke up the youngest member of the group, whose English had not yet been corrupted by the vernacular of the West. might go out and play until she called them, when the door was darkened by a reddish apparition. The widow ut-tered a befitting little shriek, and then, realizing that there was no serious vincing assertion of a higher educacause for alarm, said: "Come in." forty miles, when we drew up at one She would not have extended this invitation had she not wanted to set an example of courage.

"Have you come here to reproach me? Children." she added, turning to several youngsters that showed a dis-position to lotter about the door, "run

were within hearing, said: "I have

"No, I acted as I thought best. I promissed to marry you, and while that there was too many freekles on his face; and it was agreed that he did not dress as a gentleman should. The worthless loafer squirted at his pre-empted knot-hole and remarked:

"Now you're gittin' right down to squar' facts."

"No, I acted as I thought best. I promissed to marry you, and while you were with me you exercised so strong an influence that I thought I loved you, but when you were gone I knew that I didn't. I saw that I was pre-empted knot-hole and remarked:

"Now you're gittin' right down to squar' facts."

"No, I acted as I thought best. I quick scrutinizing glance as if to size me up, then paid no more attention to me. While apparently engaged in consuming the bacon, corn bread, sorghum and dried apples, I had an opportunity to take in my surround-the ten friends hit the bar with their fists and in tones that could be heard across the Detroit River they shouted:

"Now and then at an inoffensive man of the skill me and one of the masked what it all me and one of the masked what it all me and one of the masked what it all me and one of the masked what it all me and one of the me asked what it all me and one of the masked what it all me and one of the me asked wha That was a long time ago. Dan was absorbed into the community's social pressed in words that are foolish. You From the fragments of conversation of awoke my admiration; he thrilled my heart. Then I wrote and told you not two had had some disagreement over to think of me again. I was buried in a game a few hours before, and there

"Yes.

"And were you happy?" "For a time. Then the dew fell off the flowers. What could the flowers do but wither? We went to a distant | the m'lasses! town, and there he deserted me." "Is he still living?"

"He was hanged. "Do you love his memory?" "No, for I have learned to think, and thought is a dagger to foolish "Did you know that I was here?"

"No; some one told me that you were lost at sea." "Did you sorrow over the news?" "No; I did not love you." "Did you not hear something else?"

"Not until a year ago, and then I

eard that you were alive and a hopess drunkard." "Weren't you moved at that?" "I was moved with pity." "And would your pity sink deeper into your heart if I were to tell you that I am the most hopeless of all drunkards? Look at me. Look." He pened his coat. "I have given my old shirt to a negro for a drink. Does

"Oh, please go away, George, go way. You distress me nearly to away. death. My God! I have suffered

"Ah, but not for me. You have suf- instead of the third, says the Detroit my degradation and despair. Mary, you still have it in your power to save me. With your help I can kill my appetite. I can do something for us ooth. Be my wife and atone for the awful wreck you made years ago."

"George, I have always been true to myself. I don't love you." "Couldn't you learn-couldn't there be progress?"

"There could be progress, but that progress would toward hatred." He looked at her in silence. He "Why, I own a good house and lot I He looked at her in silence. He took up his old hat, which had been dropped on the floor, and turned it round and round in his hand. He looked down at his shoes, from which then an expression, not a smile, but an expression like that which follows the swallowing of a bitter draught, broke through the red stubble about his mouth. "Mrs.—I don't know your name," he began, "but Mrs. Somebody, you are the most merciless creature that ever lived."

"The children say I'm kind." "You have the spirit of a vampire." "The children think I have the spirit

of gentleness."

"I hope you may die the most horrible of all deaths. I pray to God that you may die of hydrophobia—I implore God that a mad dog may bury "Go away!" she answered. "Come, children," she cried. "Go away from here, you monster! I hate you! I wish—but I can't think of anything

The village was the scene of fear-inspired ferment. A report that a pow-erful mad dog had been seen in the neighborhood had been brought in by men shudder at the sight of a mad dog. Men that would fight a grizzly bear tremble when they see a mad Every man in the village went

concerns me most at present is where am I going to get a drink?"

was resumed, but the widow was tremulous. She left the school-house very late Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

No one had the courage to look for the widow. Late at night, almost a maniac, she knocked at the door of Col. Child Relates His Experiences of Lafe in the Dominion.

Morning came. A startling discov-ery was made. Dan and the mad dog were found lying across the path near the place where the widow had fainted. The dog's teeth were buried in Dan's throat. Dan's fingers were stiffened about the dog's neck. Both were dead.—N. Y. Journal.

Don't Stop Eating.

"It was out in Wyoming," he began, "and I was on my way to join an engineering party at Boise City. I had taken the stage and travelled about forty miles, when we drew up at one where we waited an hour and a half

for supper.
"Somky Creek settlement, like many Wyoming towns," he went on by way of explanation, "is famous for some single characteristic. The articular town is notorious for slynching parties, even in the land of neckties socials.' It is about forty miles from appearances, and a lazy lounger who sits all day at the store, while his wife takes in washing—the utterly worthless fellow who would rather wallow in the mire with a black falsehood than to recline on a velvet couch with to some of the largest ranches in the country, and is, of course, a great rendezvous for cow punchers, miners and the attendant retinue of fakirs, road agents, faro tricksters and repre sentatives of nearly every calling who proceed to collect the living which the There are several hotels. I stopped

> "No, I acted as I thought best. I quick scrutinizing glance as if to size them asked what it all meant. those nearest me I learned that the

uv the day wrangler."

"The sullen looking fellow, evidently the day wrangler, looking across at the nighthawk, said gruffly, "Pass me "The other looked up at him coolly,

muttered something about 'a feller bein' a little more perlite,' and shoved the pitcher across the table. The pitcher upset and the brown liquid oozed over the table. The day wrangler evidently took this as an inten-tional insult. Without saying a word, and with scarcely a moment's hesita-tion he took out his revolver and shot the man dead."

"It must ha' broken up that air sup-per," remarked one of the group, shift-ing his cud of tobacco to the starboard side of his mouth. "Indeed, it didn't," was the answer. The other boarders looked up, but not a word was said, and the meal went on as if nothing had happened.

A MALE SHOPPER. Not Familiar with the Mysteries of a Dry

Goods Store They were riding up in the elevator of one of our big dry goods stores— the man, his wife and a small boy who was going to get off at the second floor

"One would think, young fellow," said the man, pompously, "that you had never been in an elevator before." "No more I was, pa," sa'd the small boy, and he was going thing more, but his moth hand and he stopped short. The party got out at the hird floor

and the man directed the movements of his wife and boy, and seemed to have the whole universal plan at his finger ends. When they had finished shopping all stepped into the elevator to go down, and the wife said she thought she would sit, but the man told her to stand up and not joggle about so much. At the second floor he seized the boy, said, "Look where you're going, sir," and got off. His wife wen on to the ground floor, for which they had started, and sat down in the store

The man came down the stairs retty soon and pretended to be showing the store to the boy.
"You made a mistake, Hiram," said his wife timidly, "you oughtn't have got off on that floor."

to await developments.

a determination to get there if he walked straight down cellar. "This way," said a clerk as he touchd the man on the shoulder. "Take your hand off, young man; "Take your hand on, young man; I know which way I'm going," and he brushed her dress, "but I guess it is the kind of hen that lays watermel-"All right," said the clerk, "if you go through that plate-glass mirror it will cost you more than if you leave

of myself," and he stalked ahead with

by the regular door." Then the man saw his family were

Neutral Tinted Flowers.

tle game with the college students)-"It's your ante, Mr. Sweeting." Jame

Florists have managed of late years

A story by Col. Child will illustrate the ex-Minister's versatility. "I was over in Canada several years ago," he said, "and for good whisky and brandy at a low price I want to say that the Dominion takes the prize. I was in Windsor with a party of Missourians one day, and with one of them I strolled about looking at the town. Becoming A party of engineers sat out in the light of the campfire on the leeward side of a hill in Dakota exchanging

about totaling a somewhat worn, we began to cast about for a place whereat to buy some brandy. We came upon it very soon. I told the man in charge to fix up two good pale Hennessey punches. In my travels I have tasted the decoctions of all lands, but I am sure a better mixture never tickled the palate of man than the pale Hennessy punch of Windsor make. I tossed a half-dollar out in payment, and with a last smack of my lips started to go, when the bar-

man called me back. "Don't forget your change," he said, and with that he handed 40 cents to

"'What's this?' I asked. 'What is the price of those punches?' "'Five cents each, responded the man behind the bar. "I turned squarely round again and bringing my two fists down hard on the counter, I called in stentorian

"Fill 'em up again!"
"When we got on the street again
we met eighteen of our Missouri
friends. I stopped them.
"Come in here and do as I do,' I

"The party followed me into the place fron which I had just emerged with my friend. "Give me a brandy punch,' I said.
"Each of the nineteen men who were with me made the same request. world owes them in the easiest way. in five minutes the seductive mixtures were tossed off and my guests were Dan was criticised, not only by the suffered too much to bear reproach went in and took a seat at the long tathe man behind nodded his thanks.

My friends stared at me and one of

THE LAW IN ALABANA.

Court's Ruling Discouraged the Young Attorney from the North. "I am just back from Alabama," said William H. Palm, a disciple of Black-stone, to a Globe-Democrat reporter in the rotunda of the Lindell. "I went down there to practice law, but got discouraged and came back North to look for a new location. Business? Oh, yes; I had plenty of business down there, but my clients insisted on paying me in coonskins, moonlight whisky and political support. I spent three days on a case for a widow—breach of promise suit-damages, \$10,000, and she sent me a crock of clabber, a peck of yams and a pair of home-knit blue socks that would fit the big-footed girl of Ohio. I didn't mind that so much as I did the cool disregard for law of the Judges before whom I was called

I was retained to defend a young fellow charged with shooting a man at a horse-race one Sunday afternoon. I proved conclusively that at the time the shooting occurred my client was attending divine service at a church half a mile distant. Three witnesses testified that they saw him there, and I thought I had established an alibi beyoud the peradventure of a doubt, and said so in my speech, which I felt quite sorry Daniel Webster was not present to enjoy. After I sat down the Judge to enjoy. After I sat down the Judge took a chew of North Carolina dog-leg tobacco, put on his specs and called the defendant up before him. 'Whar was y' bawn?' he inquired. The defendant replied that he was 'bawn' four miles southwest of Smugtown, on the plantation of 'Squire Sanders.' 'That settles it,' said the Judge. 'All the Yankee lawyers in Christendom couldn't convince this co't that a pacouldn't convince this co't that a native o' Ole Alabamer was squatted down in a church, a singin' o' Psalms when thar was a hoss race an' free whisky only half a mile away. You're docketed to go to jail until the Gran' Jury kin sot on your case. The man

tharabouts."-St. Louis Globe-Demo-

was killed at that hoss race, an' it

stands t' reason that you was thar or

Flossie's Fancies. country and the second evening after her arrival she was taken out to see

the milking.

"Well," she said, when a glass of warm milk was handed her, "that is the first time I ever saw a milk wagon with four legs." Hens and eggs were objects of inter-est to her also, but she did not see a turkey until she had made the rounds "Don't worry about me," snapped turkey until she had made the rounds the man, "I'm old enough to take care of the hennery and then she frightened

up a great old gobbler in the melon He made a rush for the fence and she fell over a watermelon. "What's that, Flossie," inquired her "I don't know," she said as she

No Advantage to Him.

Saidso—"I got acquainted last night with a girl who has an impediment in waiting for him and he frowned at her speech; she can't say no to save them crossly and followed them into her life." the street. It was a severe case of Herdso-"You might stand some show if you proposed to her." Saidso—"I didn't; I asked her if she

Col. Bourbony (who is playing a lit- had any objection to marrying me." Office Seekers in France.

so humble, seems to be about as strong in France as anywhere else. The prefeet of the Seine had recently 1,071 offices at his disposal, all of a minor imto produce curious and striking portance, and for these offices he had over 40,000 applicants. The offices neutral tints in nasturtiums quite out of keeping with the brilliant splendors of keeping with the brilliant splendors that one usually expects from these flowers. But the plants manifestly suffer from the process that leads to a natural chromatic color develop-